

Magic Hands

by Ill Lasanga

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Summary: Astrid has an aching everything. Hiccup has very good hands. 90% married life headcanons, fluff, and body worship plus 10% smut. Hiccstrid.

Magic Hands

****~~~PROMOTES~~~****

dragon_kink at dreamwidth "dot" com

Seriously, there are a lot of great prompts just waiting to be filled over there.

****~~~PROMOTES~~~****

Yeah so I couldn't sleep. ****Prompt****: Astrid is sore after a hard days work, and asks Hiccup to rub her shoulders... Then her back... and after discovering he apparently has magic hands, he goes for the gold and gives her a happy ending. bonus if- she falls asleep in his arms afterward.

(I'm sorry prompter this isn't the exact thing you wantedâ€¦!)

****Summary****: Astrid has an aching everything. Hiccup has very good hands. 90% married life headcanons, fluff, and body worship plus 10% smut. Hiccstrid.

****Notes****: ****Hiccup** is chief, but he splits duties with Astrid and others, and gets home early to make dinner. Hiccup and Astrid have been married for at least a few months. The massage thing is a recent addition to their sex life. This also is influenced by my enjoyment of HTTYD1 Hiccstrid's subversion of gender roles.

YAY THIS IS MY FIRST TRY AT PORN! (i'msosorrymom) And it's my first

try at writing canon Hiccup, Astrid, and Hiccstrid.

So feel free to rip it apart.

* * *

><p>Magic Hands

"Hiccup! Babe! I'm home!" Astrid put her axe aside, on a plaque made just for it. Once she let go of it, the day's work started to creep into her body. It was an exhausting day in the village, but she was glad to be home. It never ceased to amaze her; Outside of her home, she was sharp, covered in armor both on her body and mind, and no one dared to come near. But in this house of wood and iron walls, she was stripped, willingly, of who she built herself up to be for the community. Hiccup appeared, carrying bowls over to the hearth, green eyes bright and cheerful.

Or maybe it was her darling husband that broke down her walls.

The freckled man saw the tired, stiff lines of her arms and offered some comfort. "I made stew, c'mon." The first bites challenged her to speak, and they chatted amicably about their days, trading quips like love notes. The blonde woman never imagined any marriage quite like this; comfortable, but not suffocating. She's allowed to be Astrid, the tough Viking coming home from a hard day's work, and he's allowed to be Hiccup, who keeps the house warm and homey. It's enough to bring tears to her eyes, but there is a sharp pain instead. Astrid rubbed her eyelids and groaned. There's the sound of wood scraping wood, and Hiccup is right beside her, tentative. "I'm alright, it's just a headache." she answers.

"Here." He puts his fingers to her scalp, carefully scratching, as if she's a dragon and he'll find the spot that makes her keel over.

"You're messing up my braids." Astrid grumbles, after a long silence.

The little flinch his fingers make is satisfying enough to forgive his retort, "I think Dragon Training has already done that, wouldn't you say?" He leads her upstairs, carefully, by the hand, another contrast to her vision of marriage, of being cheerfully tossed over a shoulder and ravished. Sure, the ravishing did happen, but he'd probably break in two if he tried the over the shoulder stunt.

In an eye blink, she's sitting on their bed, and Hiccup's brushing her hair. He hits a snag and her hair pulls, causing splintering pain from her neck to her shoulders. Another hiss, and a small "oh" from Hiccup foretold her hair being finished in record time, tied in a bundle away from her back. A thumb rubs circles on her shoulder blade, and she's known him for too long to not understand what it means. So that's why she's silent when he peels off her armor, savoring the moment where her walls come down. At some point, she knows that the enormity of being intimate will wear off, but they are young, and neither have allowed others to come this close before.

The steel has left her, and he braces his hands on her shoulders, moving his thumbs in circles on her neck. She hums, and the ache is

replaced with a quiet warmth. She looks back at him, clear blue eyes meeting curious green. "If you think you can find a sweet spot like I'm one of your dragons, keep dreaming."

He snorts, "Oh, is that a challenge?" and raises his eyebrow. She said nothing, but pulled off her tunic and bindings in one smooth move, smirking. The daring look is wiped off of his face as she laid down on their bed. "All - alright then." he stutters, face red as he straddles her.

He took off his shirt, only to be fair to milady, of course, and grabbed a bottle of oil from nearby. Astrid was lying still, like a clay doll, waiting to be pushed and pulled, shaped and molded to exactly what he wished her to be. That confidence in him - to do it right - it was incredible! Courage bolstered, Hiccup wetted his palms, pressing them to his wife's back. He kneaded the muscles as well as he could. "Ah, you had to babysit the Twins class today, no wonder you're so tense." he recalled, "Were the students that bad?"

Her voice was muffled by the blankets, but there was a distinct, "yes" and "wanted explosions"

Finding that he couldn't finish her back in one go, he shifted his attention, freckled fingers latching onto an arm. He pinched his thumb and forefinger around her biceps, massaging the sore muscle with clinical ease, going down to her hand. He splays each fingertip and kisses her knuckles, a familiar gesture. Astrid hums, a quiet, easy sound to pay attention to while he goes about her body.

He shuffled her skirt off, conscious of any objections, cupping her ass and getting a warning growl. Instead, he ran his fingers up and down her thighs and shins, careful of any riding bruises. Her feet got the barest attention; it was her shoulders that was the problem area.

Hiccup took his time mapping out his wife's lean, battle-ready form. She'd once confessed that she didn't like her scars, said that they were mistakes; she failed to do a somersault properly and got that one, or she was burned by a Terror behind her ear, or a million other things that she did wrong.

They were more precious to Hiccup. Her having them meant that she had survived and learned from her faults. That she had history, that she fought and won her place in this world. Not that he would ever admit this to anyone.

Astrid, meanwhile, was enjoying the warmth of her husband's hands. They were slowly numbing her, making her hard body soft again. Hiccup was patient, drinking in her sounds like mead, unwinding her like he would a coil of wire for one of his projects.

A small spark of arousal was resting in her belly, and if he does something stupid like palm her backside again she's not sure she could take it. She's too worn out to try anything, and having an ache like that would leave her up all night.

Suddenly, Hiccup hums, catching her attention, "I'm going to find your bedclothes, okay?" leaning over and resting a hand on her inner thigh, only to kiss her ear lightly.

The spark was fanned. "Hicc-Hiccup!" she picked up her head, trying to move, but her arms were like jelly, forcing her to stay down. She managed to get on her side, chest heaving. Hiccup settled in, laying in front of her, an arm around her back, with patient green eyes, not unlike his dragon. "I need you." her front is exposed and she shivers, nipples pebbling in the air. Hiccup's eyes are a warm, dark green, looking back at her with such affection she shivers and blushes, like it was their first night together.

She wonders, she always wonders how it happened. The village runt and the devoted shieldmaiden. Then he leans in for a kiss, and she decides that she doesn't care anyway. Whatever's happening between them is deep and is full of tongue. She's only able to get one arm around him, but Hiccup does enough grabbing for the both of them. His hands roam up and down her front, her sides, filling her with warmth and stoking her lust. On every pass of her nipples she feels something electric pass through her, and she can barely breathe through the aftershocks.

The kiss is broken. From the corner of her eye, she can see that Hiccup is definitely excited, but her limbs won't listen to her - she can't toss him down and ride him to release. The sparks in her belly are raging, calling out for something she can't say. She's flushed, sweaty, and panting, and Hiccup is less so. But he understood the look in her eyes, if the oil-slicked fingers in her mound are any indication.

Her head folded into his chest at the sensation. Insistent rubbing on her clit, combined with hooked fingers pulsing in and out made fast work. Her insides rattled, then liquefied, as if trying to make up for her unmoving limbs as she arched and rolled on her back, gasping. Her entire body thrummed like a raw wound, but in the best way. There was laughter, as if from a far off place.

Hiccup came back to bed, armed with a damp cloth, her bedclothes, and a smile. "~Found it~" Astrid decided that he was going to get punched for that. Tomorrow, when she could move again.

Her body was cleaned, dressed, and wrapped in their bed sheets before she noticed the erect cock between Hiccup's legs. "Hey, I'll get it later, don't worry!" the glare didn't falter. He huffed, "Fine—this was all supposed to be about you, you know." He pulled his pants down, stroking as he conjured images and sensations of moments ago; Astrid's face, her soaking wet center, her desperate noises were all he needed to paint his hand white. "See?" and he casually wiped his cum on the cloth rag, staggering to the bed, nudging his wrapped bundle of Astrid. "Happy now?"

His wife smiled.

"Good. Night, Astrid."

* * *

><p>Notes: Mmmyp. Please, tell me how I did. I'm seriously wondering.

I wrote this without HTTYD2 Hiccstrid in mind. Also Hiccup seems to be the perfect husband/sex partner in this. Sorry. And I kinda think

I screwed up on Astrid's involvement, she's helpless, and I think everyone is against Hiccup's fingers, but then again she's tired and in a safe place and that means a lot somehow.

~*~PROMOTES~*~

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com

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Ill

End
file.